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Parables.

FROM GOETHE.

Poems are colored window glasses.
Look into a church from the market square:
Nothing but gloom and darkness there!
Shrewd Sir Philistine sees things so:
Well may he narrow and captious grow,
Who all his life on the outside passes.

But come, now, and inside we'll go!
Now round the holy chapel gaze;
'Tis all one many-colored blaze:
Story and emblem, a pictured maze,
Flash by you: 'tis a noble show.
Here feel as sons of God baptized,
With hearts exalted and surprised!

The sister Nine full early chose
To Psyche their poetic art
With patient method to impart.
Pure soul! her most of song was prose!
Not thrillingly rang out her lyre
E'en in the fairest summer night;
Till Love came by with look and fire,
And the whole course was learned outright.

J. S. D.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Reminiscences of Mendelssohn.

BY HIS ENGLISH PUPIL.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since the death of FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY. Each succeeding anniversary of this sad event finds his name and his works in greater repute, and any details of his life and character, both as an artist and as a man, are eagerly sought for as interesting not only to the musician, but to the large body of amateurs, whose admiration of the greatest composer since Beethoven is as genuine as it is unbounded. Having for some years (1832 to 1847) had the privilege of Mendelssohn's friendship, and of constant and personal intercourse with him, I have been often solicited to give some account of that period, and I now venture to lay before my readers the following slight sketch of the happiest portion of my artistic life. I do so with the hope that the interest of my subject may in some degree excuse the many imperfections in the execution of my task.

Before, however, commencing my observations upon Mendelssohn's life and works, it may not be out of place briefly to glance at the extraordinary progress that Music, both as a Science and an Art, has made since the birth of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, and to comment upon the gradual succession of great men, whose works and influence have raised them far above all other composers of their time, and who in a short space of one hundred and fifty years have placed the Art of Music on a pedestal quite equal to that of Painting and Poetry. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, are the five men to whom I would especially point as having an undoubted right to the title of "Kings of Music," and to their works and con-

sequent influence, the Art of Music is indebted for the position it now occupies. If to these names are added those of Weber, Schubert, Spohr and Mendelssohn, there will be a total of nine, and I do not think I shall be accused of exaggeration if I assert that it is to these nine great men that the world is indebted for the greater part of the enjoyment and instruction that has been derived from the practice of music since Bach first became known at the commencement of the 18th century. If it is asked why I name only nine great men, and why all these should be selected from one nation? I would reply that, though in France, Cherubini, Auber, Herold, Adam, Berlioz have lived; though England has produced Purcell, Boyce, Arne, Webb, Callcott, Wm. Horsley; though Italy was as much the cradle of Music as of Painting, and can boast, besides her glorious church composers, of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Mercadante and others, and though even Germany will never forget Gluck, Spontini, Meyerbeer, Marschner,* &c., yet these men great as they were, have exclusively devoted themselves to one style of composition; in France, Germany and Italy, to operatic music; in England to Church and Glee writing; whereas the nine I have selected applied themselves to, and succeeded in every known form of musical composition, from the sublimest sacred works to the lightest dance music. This great versatility therefore entitles them to more consideration than those who have only been distinguished in one branch of their art, and it is for this reason that I would urge their claims to the high position in which I conceive they should be placed; and if it has happened that all these nine men were from one nation, Bach, Handel, Spohr, Mendelssohn from the North; Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Weber, from the South of Germany, it can only be replied that Art has no country, and that musicians must be judged by their works, and the power they have asserted on the minds of their hearers, without reference to the nation from which they sprang. I should be far too long in arriving at the immediate object of this paper, if I allowed myself to dwell at any length on the individuality of each of the nine composers I have named; but as it will be necessary to relate the extremely happy circumstances under which Mendelssohn lived and worked, so will it not be out of place to refer to the painful struggles and difficulties of at least five of his compeers, the beauty of whose works may almost be said to be enhanced by the troubles under which they were produced. JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, by far the most scientific musician the world has yet seen, commenced his career under the most painful circumstances. His elder brother endeavored by every means to quench his genius for music, and by denying him light at the only period of the day which

* No mention, then of SCHUMANN? At least as worthy of a place among the "nine," as Spohr!—Ed.

he could devote to self-instruction, laid the foundation of an eye disease which ended in total blindness. In addition to this, his worldly means were of the smallest, and the burden of a very large family must have greatly added to his pecuniary anxieties. In spite of these obstacles he lived the most industrious of lives, and not only produced the most incredible number of works, all of which, be they large or small, are immortal, but he educated five of his sons to be most excellent musicians, and thus proved his name to be a veritable "Bach," or stream, of the profoundest depth and clearness.

HANDEL's early life was full of troubles. He wandered from one Italian town to another producing operas, and certainly making a name, but it was not until after he was fifty years of age that he struck out that path of Oratorio writing which has made him immortal; and though at his death he left a large fortune, yet even in England his losses caused him more than one bankruptcy.

HAYDN, to gain instruction, was compelled to perform menial service for his first master Porpora, who compelled him to black his boots and brush his clothes in return for a very small modicum of teaching; and even when in the service of Prince Esterhazy, his position for many years was little better than that of a lacquey. The whole course of MOZART's life was beset with troubles. The Archbishop of Salzburg, into whose service he entered at the age of 16, seems to have delighted in plaguing the composer's life with every species of petty tyranny, and when at last he broke through his toils, and as it were escaped to Vienna, his greatness raised him up hosts of enemies, and his good nature, his kindness in assisting others, and his genial temperament and love of society, brought him into so much pecuniary difficulty that his funeral expenses had to be defrayed at the cost of the parish in which he lived.

The saddest case of all, however, was that of BEETHOVEN. Although his father seems to have been a very morose, hard-hearted man, yet being himself a musician he soon discerned the dawning genius of his son, and gave him every facility for learning the first principles of his art. At an early age he went to Vienna, studied under Albrechtsberger and Haydn, and it was pronounced by Mozart on hearing him extemporize: "The world will hear of that young man." Each succeeding year proved the truth of this prophecy; but towards the beginning of 1800 the dreadful malady of deafness commenced and increased daily, and for the last twenty years of his life, till 1827, when he died, Beethoven never heard a note of his music, and excepting by the means of sight, was quite unable to conceive the effect his sublime inspirations had on his hearers. So great a calamity is unexampled in the annals of the Art, and if anything could raise the opinion of such a man's works, it would surely be the knowl-

edge that in spite of the direst trial that could befall a musician, his indomitable will, courage and industry triumphed over a misfortune which would have crushed many others, and caused them to succumb to the evil, without seeking a remedy for it in the exercise of the talent entrusted to them.

SCHUBERT during his life time appears to have been known more as a song writer than as a composer devoting himself to the higher branches of his art. The last few years however have proved the fallacy of this opinion, and the resuscitation of Symphonies, Sonatas, Quartets, Overtures, Operas, Masses, &c., has proved beyond dispute the right of this great man to the place he most deservedly occupies. WEBER's comparatively short life was sorely tried by domestic troubles and constant sickness caused by pulmonary disease, and yet he struggled against both, and in all branches of the art proved himself worthy of a high place in the musical Walhalla. A similar position will surely be allotted to SPOHR. I look forward to the time when this truly great man's works will be more appreciated than they are at present; for not only as the greatest violinist of his day, but as a composer of the utmost individuality (he may be said to have invented the "Chromatic School" of writing) his works, though excessively difficult to imitate, are most worthy of study, being full of most lovely melody clothed in superb harmonies, in many instances quite reaching sublimity.—I have now at length arrived at the immediate subject of this paper, and if I have been somewhat lengthy in doing so, I trust that it will be remembered that my object was to show that a musical succession of great men have been raised up one after the other, during a period of a century and a half; that these great men have, so to speak, kept the artistic faith "pure and undefiled" in spite of the greatest difficulties, and that Mendelssohn, a true disciple of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, followed most worthily in the glorious steps of his predecessors, and that at any rate, for the present, he closes the list of great composers, for in a cosmopolitan sense, with his death and that of Spohr, the race became extinct. Let it be hoped that the fiftieth anniversary of this sad occurrence may find a successor placed on the throne. Since 1847, the interregnum continues.

It is by no means my design to attempt anything approaching to a life of my friend and master. Some day this will be written by far more competent hands than mine. Various attempts have already been made, but the most valuable contribution exists in Mendelssohn's own letters, one portion translated by Lady Wallace, and the earlier account of his boyhood, recently published under the editorship of his son, Dr. Carl Mendelssohn, Professor in Heidelberg. It may suffice to state that FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY was born in Hamburg, on February 3d, 1809, and was the son of an eminent banker in Berlin, and the grandson of Moses Mendelssohn, the celebrated Jewish Philosopher. This learned man was possessed of very liberal opinions, and caused his children to be brought up in the Christian faith, and consequently Felix's father was only of Jewish descent, and in religion belonged to the Lutheran Church. I well recollect the old

man. He dined at my father's house at Kensington, near London, at the time his son's reputation was daily increasing. On being congratulated on his son's success (this was after "St. Paul" had appeared) I remember his saying: "I am very unfortunate; I am the son of a great man and the father of a great man; I really believe I am the man who, sitting between two stools, has fallen to the ground." With such parents (his mother was also a most excellent person) no pains or expense were spared in the education of their children. Felix had every advantage that money and position could procure. Moscheles, Berger and Hummel were his pianoforte instructors. Zelter (Goethe's friend and correspondent) undertook his musical and theoretical education; he learned Latin and Greek so as to translate their classics; he exhibited great talent for drawing and to almost the last day of his life delighted in sketching. My sister has in her possession a drawing, from memory, of my father's house at Kensington, which is wonderfully executed. From the age of seven years he began to compose, and although it may be a fair subject of question as to the advisability of publishing his early works, as has been done by Novello & Co., yet they are so far interesting that they show the extraordinary precocity of the boy, a precocity only perhaps excelled by Mozart. But Mozart had none of Mendelssohn's advantages; from his earliest years he was hawked about England and France by his father for the purpose of money making; whereas Mendelssohn, although in many respects the idol of his family, was always under the judicious control of loving but sensible parents, who afforded their son every opportunity for study and the improvement of his wonderful powers, without heedlessly parading his gifts before a general public, always prone to exaggerate youthful talent, and to applaud the system of forcing a genius, which, except in very few instances, is more harmed than benefited by the process.

In the summer of 1832 I saw Mendelssohn for the first time. I was then a mere child barely ten years old, but I well recollect the occasion. My father's house was the rendezvous of all great artists both English and foreign, and invitations were immediately given to all who either brought letters or were introduced to my father by his numerous professional friends. My father himself, the most distinguished Glee writer and soundest musician that England has yet produced, was the most genial host, and it is to his constant desire to collect around him all that was good and great in his own profession, as well as the cream of the painters and literary men of the time, that his children owed the privilege of seeing all those whose genius and talent so largely contributed to the art progress of England since the commencement of the century. Thus among the musicians constantly at the house, were Moscheles, Hummel, Paganini, Mendelssohn, Spohr, Thalberg, Benedict, Sir George Smart, Mr. Neat, Mrs. Anderson, and many others; amongst the painters, Sir Augustus Calcott (my mother's uncle), Sir Thomas Lawrence, F. R. A., Collins, Wilkie, Etty, Redgrave, Mulready, Webster, Stone, Dyce, Sir W. Boxall, Uwins, &c. Our most intimate friends in literature were Dr. Rosen, the cele-

brated Oriental scholar, Carl Klingemann, Secretary to the Hanoverian Embassy, Mr. H. F. Chorley, Hogarth, &c., &c.; and of engineering celebrities, we constantly saw the Brunels, father and son, the latter having married in 1836 my oldest sister. Thus I may truly say that I and my family were constantly surrounded by an atmosphere of art, literature and science; and to this fact is of course traceable the great love of Music and Painting which seems almost hereditary amongst us.

My father was always anxious to promote and to encourage our childish amusements, and at Christmas we invariably had a performance of a play written and acted by ourselves. I believe there are three of these pieces written chiefly by myself, still in my mother's possession, but the last was the most ambitious of all. It was a melodramatic Opera called the "Magician." I wrote the words of the songs and the dialogue; my youngest sister, Sophy, composed the music, and my brother John Calcott Horsley, now a Royal Academician, painted the scenes. Of my own performance as a disciple of Grub Street, I recollect little or nothing beyond a keen sense of having perpetrated fearful doggerel; but I well remember that the music, especially an Overture in B minor, and some melodramatic interludes were especially effective, and, knowing her great natural gifts, it has always been a source of regret to me that my sister would never study the theory of music. Had she done so, I am convinced she would have ranked high amongst the English female composers; (there are only three that I am aware of, Miss Kate Loder, Mrs. Tom Taylor and Miss Macaroni); for in addition to her undoubted creative talent, had she chosen to improve it, she is by far the best amateur pianist even now to be found in London. My brother's scene painting was also much praised on this occasion, and he has since amply fulfilled all the promises of his youth by a constant supply of most talented pictures, the production of which has placed him in a high place amongst his fellow artists.

But what have all these family details to do with Mendelssohn? In the summer musical season of 1832 Mendelssohn arrived in London. He had previously, I think in 1829, been for a short time in the English metropolis, but it was in 1832 that his music was first played, and his magnificent Piano and Organ playing first became known to the British public. His Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and his Concerto in G minor were produced during this year, and the first concert at which he appeared as a composer, a pianist and a conductor, showed, as has been before stated, that a legitimate successor to Beethoven had appeared, to preach the true faith of real music. During this season, the first of many brilliant ones of which Mendelssohn was the hero, he several times visited my father's house. At one of these visits the music of the "Magician" was shown him, and as a great favor he begged that a special performance might be given. It was then midsummer, and the heat was very great, but my father and mother immediately gave their consent, and a grand performance took place in exactly the same manner as at the first production the previous Christmas. About that time the Chevalier Neukomm, a talented

man in every respect but music, but who imagined himself a great composer, was deluging London with second rate songs, the words chiefly by Proctor, better known as Barry Cornwall. Amongst these was one, worthless as music, called "King Death was a rare old fellow." It occurred to my brother to paint some scenes illustrative of the various incidents imagined in this poem, and my youngest sister represented the principal character in a manner which proved she possessed considerable histrionic as well as musical talent. This representation was given as an afterpiece to the "Magician." Although I was a child at the time, I never shall forget Mendelssohn's delight at the performance both of the melodrama and of the afterpiece. It was a grand thing to witness the varied expression of his beautiful face; but the greatest treat of all was after supper, when, the temporary stage having been cleared away, he sat down to the grand piano and electrified all by an extemporary performance on the themes contained in my sister's music. Such playing, such ingenuity, and such a display of marvellous musical memory, had never been heard before, and yet it was only the first of many similar and greater triumphs.

(To be Continued.)

Goethe's Songs.

[From a Note to Translations of "Select Minor Poems of Goethe and Schiller." Boston, 1839.]

A song is but a breath. It came out whole, just as it is, as much a mystery to the poet as to any one. Its dress cannot be torn away from its substance; the rhythm, the tones, the coloring, the imagery, the very length or shortness of it, are determined by a sort of inward necessity—that nicer instinct, by which the soul, in all its genuine productions, instantly chooses out of Nature whatever will serve it for a language. A song is a feeling which has found utterance in a beautiful form, and satisfied itself. The form is not the container of the spirit of a song; the form is thoroughly instinct with the spirit, and, in fact, grew out of it. The spirit, therefore, or essence of a lyric piece cannot be transfused out of one form into another. Imitation always fails, and would, even if it were possible to effect an exact literal copy. The translator's only hope, then, is to reproduce, to reoriginate, to repeat, as near as may be, in himself, the very experience in which the song first had its birth.

Goethe's songs are all *occasional* poems. They are the poet's diary, written in beautiful emblems. A stanza, in itself apparently trifling, a mere breath of melody, stands over more than is fathomed at a glance. A deep background of real experience lies behind them all. The mightier inward workings, whence these drops of beauty are distilled, we do not see. Similar experience, to which any hint is enough, must be the key to their full meaning; and yet to all, more or less, they speak by their mere melody, which, like the sweet wink of Nature, tells us there is meaning, but never tells how much. It is said to be one capital secret of master-artists, that they "*paint deep*;" they lay on color over color, to produce one simple color to the eye. In copying from Nature, they paint more than the surface which is seen, but also much beneath it, which is not seen. Thus the deep blue sky, which looks so real in the best landscapes, is, in fact, coat upon coat of various colors, the blue last and outermost. So sincere is all true Art; it must know something of the depths, before it can effectually copy the shows of Nature. Such pictures, like Nature herself, present an inexhaustible novelty and depth; for both are living creations of the spirit, and not vulgar manufactures. The same thing holds not of

Painting alone, but of all Art—poetry, literature, and whatever pretends to creative genius. The superficial, over-refined literature of the day may be said to want reality and background; it tells all that is meant, and more, and so wants the look of life. In the works of genius, what is written is but the sign of vastly more, concealed, which cannot be spoken. It is eminently so with Goethe. A long study of the whole man—not a criticising, but a simple and trustful study—finally makes every little rhymed trifle interesting, as unaccountably so as the favorite tunes of boyhood. One is surprised, looking over his works, that he should have preserved, with such avaricious fondness, scraps and trifles of every sort, which to the indifferent reader stand for nothing. He seems to have cherished every line left from his pen, as if they were his children. The fact is, these lines are all realities. One who has long read Goethe, reads with perfect confidence that everything he finds, however minute, is something real and significant, or it would not have been there.

The habit of embodying all his experiences in emblems, of turning his life into poetry, joys and glooms alike,—redeeming the former from their transitoriness, to shine as ideal stars above him, cheering his Present with the best of the Past,—converting the latter into triumphs, making the memory of sorrows sweet, seems to have been his strong tendency from childhood. His mother wrote of him,* "My son has said, that when anything lies heavy on us, we must work it off; and that whenever he has had a sorrow, he has got a song out of it." Poetry was his life. He saw, as soon as he turned himself to writing his own biography, that poetry is by no means the least real part of history, and that, in fact, it is the imagination which writes histories; and he entitled his Memoirs "*Fiction and Truth out of my Life*"—*Dichtung und Wahrheit aus meinem Leben*.

Here we have the great charm of Goethe's songs, as well as of all he wrote. It is the poetry of experience; the poetry of everyday life; the poetry of the Present, and of memory and hope as part of the actual Present. Hence their freshness and reality. Hence the author's own fondness for them: if he does not love them, who should? A true song the poet feels to be no property or manufacture of his; he receives it gratefully as a gift, as it springs from his own wondering brain, and he hastens with eager joy to impart it to his fellows.

Trusting his own experience in this way, and living in the Now, in full faith that it is good, because it *is*, he, more than almost any man, solved the great problem of finding the Ideal in the Actual. Total occupation of himself, heart and soul, in the object nearest him,—living in it, and identifying himself with it for the time,—left no room for sick yearnings, made each little sphere a world, each moment an eternity. This is evidently what he meant by "living in the Whole," by finding "All in One, and One in All." It seems to have been his mission, like Wordsworth's to reveal to us the poetry of this very world around us, and to present us with fresh flowers of poetry, of no hot-house growth, but from the true soil of Nature, our common inheritance—beautiful witnesses and pledges of life's higher meanings, which preach to man that *here* or *nowhere* is his heaven; that *here* grow the flowers of Paradise. Wordsworth's *nature*, however, seems often too intentional; in him the reflecting philosopher predominates often over the simple bard. In Goethe it is Nature herself who speaks.

This habit of living in the Present with such a child's interest easily explains the "many-sidedness" of the mind, which shows itself in the wonderful variety of these little poems, as in his whole life. Each song is an embodied mood, a little world in itself; and from one to another we pass, as it were, into a new being,

into the atmosphere of another mind. Nor is it easy for the genial reader to admit the common remark, which attributes all this to the *artistic* habits of the man, as if he viewed each thing, each human interest, nay, each inward feeling, only with the aesthetic sense of an artist, seeking to represent it as it is, himself coolly above all interest in any thing. On the contrary, he will imagine that this was the most natural thing in the world with Goethe, and that a hearty interest in all things—such true interest in one thing always sending the mind with fresh interest to another—was the secret of his Art. It has been said that he let his Art correct his inspiration, when his inspiration should have corrected his Art. It were simpler to suppose that his Art *was* his inspiration.

As it regards outward form and beauty, these pieces are distinguished for the characteristic above named, as essential to a true lyric, namely, that perfect identity of form and substance, so that one cannot be lost without the other. Some of them remind us of the songs of Shakespeare, by their simplicity of sentiment, by the small quantity of thought in them, and the strange charm with which they haunt us notwithstanding—wild Æolian harp snatches, which melt into air, while the hearer translates them into words. His love-songs, by their tenderness, whether gay or sad, and their sincere depth, which seems unwillingly betrayed, win us to their mood, like those of Burns. They are among the best poems for music of modern times, and are the favorite themes of German composers. Zelter, particularly, composed a great part of Goethe's Songs and Ballads, and entered warmly into their spirit. They discussed principles of Art and worked together, the Muses of Poesy and Harmony presiding over their joint labors. Far more completely have Goethe's songs and ballads yielded up their essential music to such inspired tone-poets as Schubert, Schumann, Robert Franz. To such music the translator has been sometimes not a little indebted. The verbal form seemed to defy translation; but being held some time in solution in this subtler element of music, it shaped itself again in his own language more readily. Walking about with the melody ringing through him, while he pondered the sentiment, a literal imitation came out in a manner quite spontaneous and unmechanical.

In point of diction, their style is the absence of all style. There is never a word too much; and those used so completely answer the end, that one cannot imagine others in their place, or that there could have been any choice of words. Brief, definite, simple, and transparent, they just transmit to you the mood or sentiment, while of the words themselves you never think. The verses "*To the Moon*" are a good instance; the thoughts, images, and words, are of the simplest, but the verses seem steeped in moonlight,—they are an embodied sensation.

But all this is better said in Mr. Carlyle's preface to the fourth volume of his "*German Romance*."

"Goethe is nowhere more entirely original, more fascinating, more indescribable, than in his smaller poems. One quality which very generally marks them, particularly those of a later date, is their peculiar expressiveness, their fulness of meaning. A single thing is said, and a thousand things are indicated. They are spells which cleave to our memory, and by which we summon beautiful spirits from the vasty deep of thought. Often, at the first aspect, they appear commonplace, or altogether destitute of significance; we look at the lines on the canvas, and they seem careless dashes, mere random strokes representing nothing, save the caprice of their author; we change our place, we shift and shift, till we find the right point of view; and all at once a fair figure starts into being, encircled with graces and light charms, and by its witcheries attracting heart and mind. In his songs, he recalls to us those of Shakespeare; they are not speeches, but

* Goethe's *Briefwechsel mit einem Kind*, [Correspondence with a Child.] Vol. i. p. 53.

musical tones; the sentiment is not stated in logical sequences, but poured forth in fitful and fantastic suggestions; they are the wild wood-notes of the nightingale; they are to be sung, not said." J. S. D.

Schumann's Overture, "Genoëva."

[To the Editor of the London "Musical World."]

SIR,—This overture, to the only opera which Schumann ever attempted, was composed in the year 1847, and stands as Opus 81 in the catalogue of his works. It is not built upon the themes of the opera, like those of *Don Giovanni*, *Der Freischütz*, *William Tell* or *Leonora* (indeed it was completed before the opera itself was begun), but appears to be an attempt to portray the general spirit of the story, more after the model of Beethoven's overtures to *Egmont* and *Fidelio*. The story is one which, in some form or other, exists in almost every nation and language. Genoëva is married to a knight, who is compelled to leave her and go to the wars. They are tenderly attached. His absence is taken advantage of by a friend to attempt the ruin of the wife. Failing in this, he has recourse to lies, and accuses Genoëva of her husband's infidelity. The husband, furious, orders her to be turned out of her castle, and left to perish in the woods. Here their child is born, and nourished by a doe. The husband returns, and while hunting in the forest encounters first the child and then his wife; an explanation takes place, and Genoëva is restored to her home and happiness.

In what measure this story of passion and distress is reflected in Schumann's music every hearer will judge for himself. To me the sombre *Introduction*, with its sharp dissonances and plaintive violin figure, well expresses the inconsolable grief of Genoëva in her lonely banishment; while the *Allegro*, in the restless unhappiness of its principal subject—the cheerful melody given out by the horns, and repeated by the flutes, oboes and clarinets—the charming second subject—the sudden and striking changes of key, and the exulting joy of the conclusion, reflect forcibly the anguish of the innocent sufferer, her occasional gleams of hope, and her final triumphant return to her former happiness. The overture abounds with fine points, and is a truly original and characteristic work. A. M.

A Card from Mr. Charles Mathews.

SIR,—Will you oblige me by giving publicity to the following note, which explains itself? I am, sir, your obedient servant,
Gaiety Theatre, Oct. 15. C. J. MATHEWS.

"Mr. Charles Mathews presents his compliments to the whole human race, and begs to state that, much as he loves his fellow-creatures, he finds it impossible to provide for the necessities of even the small population of London alone. The enormous number of applications for assistance he daily receives, chiefly from total strangers, makes it necessary for him to apologize for not entirely supporting the applicants and their families; and it is with shame he is obliged to confess himself unable to accomplish so desirable an object. He has had quite enough to do to fight through his own difficulties, and has been and is still laboring at a time of life when many men would be glad to be sitting quietly by their firesides, in the hope of acquiring a small independence for his old age, which endeavor would be completely frustrated were he to devote all his hard earned savings to the necessities of others. He hereby declares, upon his oath, that though he has lately travelled thousands of miles, and met with all the success he could wish, and is at the present moment basking in the sunshine of public favor, he is not a millionaire; and though warmly attached to his species in the plural, he has at last learnt to value it in the singular—his specie having become equally dear to him. It is not that he 'loves Caesar less but that he loves Rome more.' He admits the force of the old quotation: 'Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.' but he offers this new translation: 'Having so long suffered distress of his own, he has learnt—though rather late—to feel for the necessities of the one who is most in want of assistance—namely, himself!'"

Prince Juri (George) Galizyn.*

VITAM IMPENDERE VERO.

Prince Juri Nikolejewitch Galizyn, who died, last September, in St. Petersburg, and was known by the concerts he gave, with a company of Russian singers, in Germany, England, and America, was descended from an old Boyard family, which spreads over all Russia, and to which belonged Prince Wasili Galizyn, minister of the Zarewna Sophia; Prince Boris Galizyn, tutor of Peter I., the first Russian Senators, members of Peter I.'s Superior Privy Council, General-Admirals, and Ambassadors. In the time of Lipinski and Boehm, his father, Prince

Nikolai Borissowitsch, was (up to the age of thirty) a zealous and skilful member of the Quartet Society in St. Petersburg. It was in his house that Lipinski tried the E flat major Quartet which Beethoven dedicated to the Prince, after Franz Boehm had given it up as something impossible to play; Lipinski, on the other hand, was ravished, and entranced with it. The Prince gave more than four hundred concerts. He was a *fanatico per la musica*. His comprehension of Beethoven was not profound; the great thing for him was taking a part in the performance; playing; playing a great deal; consequently he performed at very many concerts, all over Russia, especially in Charkow and Tambow, though he was not such a master on his instrument as Count Wielhorski. This Prince died some years ago. He perceived very soon a decided taste for music in his son. That son, Prince Juri, who had as much *enbonpoint* as Lablache, merely pursued music as a dilettante, and till the latter years of his life, if, indeed, at all, did not study it theoretically. He was never master of a large fortune, because his father, in his character of a *Mecenas*, had greatly diminished the hereditary property, or, probably, spent it entirely. It may be mentioned that his father paid the price fixed by Beethoven for the three Quartets (in B flat, in A, and in E flat, Op. 130, Op. 132, and Op. 127), which he commissioned Beethoven to write ("which he had ordered" is a detestable expression) and dedicate to him; but he paid only a part to Beethoven himself, and the remainder to his heirs.

Prince Juri lived, as was the custom of those of his own rank and age, carelessly from day to day, and it was not till his fortune was completely dissipated that he came before the public as a conductor, at the head of a number of Russian singers whom he had collected and trained. For spreading Russian compositions far and wide abroad, he is undoubtedly entitled to high credit. In the important musical library inherited from his father are Beethoven's three Quartets in manuscript (small quarto, in parts, not in score), with corrections in the composer's hand. The latter have been transferred to the plates. The overture for the *Weisse Hauses*, Op. 124, was also dedicated to the father. It is in no way true that Prince Juri was deserted by his nearest relatives as our Press asserted; it is by no means true that he sacrificed his property for others; he simply expended too much of it in keeping up great show and magnificence as Marshal of the Nobility at Tambow. I knew both the father and the son for thirty years, and cultivated music a great deal with the former; I am, therefore, in a position to affirm that neither understood much of Beethoven. Beethoven's Violoncello Sonatas, Op. 102, especially, were beyond the father's comprehension. Prince Boris played in very poor style, and for reasons easily imagined, unwillingly, the Quartets dedicated to him by Beethoven. They were too difficult for him: "C'est mal doigte," he would frequently say; "C'est tres-incommode," he always said. Never at any period did Prince Boris, or his son, an amiable and affable man, exert any influence upon musical matters. They were contented with the character of *Mecenas* at home, and figuring everlastingly as executants.

The *Voice (Golos)*, the paper enjoying the largest circulation in St. Petersburg, publishes the following not uninteresting particulars concerning Prince Juri:—"It was abroad that the Prince entered upon an artistic career. A report circulated among us here that a Russian Prince, whose name was not mentioned, had, *horribile dictu!* appeared in public, conducting-stick in hand. People attached but small credence to the report. The more astounded were they, therefore, when, one day, monster posters announced, very seriously, a concert to be given by the Prince in Pawlowsk (the Kroll's of St. Petersburg). The public besieged the railway station; train after train was despatched to Pawlowsk, where all the 'high life' of St. Petersburg had assembled. The best places at Vauxhall were filled by ladies belonging to the first society, and by old gentlemen, from whose foreheads the clouds of state cares had only just disappeared; the sides of the hall contained the flower of the infantry, and cavalry officers of the Guard leaning upon their swords. English and French phrases jostled and commingled with each other: 'Mais, comment? He, the member of an ancient princely family! Voila ou nous en sommes, mesdames! Shocking! Very shocking, sir!'—Grey-haired old ladies shook their heads, and grey-haired old gentlemen laughed derisively; the young ladies seemed astonished; the young officers tried to twirl their moustachios in embryo. There appeared upon the stage a portly, corpulent man, with the 'head of an Assyrian king,' as Herz so admirably

expressed it. He made a slight obeisance to the public. The applause was rather shy. The chorus burst forth, under the Prince's conducting-stick, wielded impetuously by the Prince. The *debut* did not produce a *furore*; the audience had not assembled in such numbers to hear the 'chansons russes,' but to see a chorus conducted by a genuine Russian Prince! A Prince whose genealogical tree formed a part of Russian history from the earliest times. What puzzled them most was the category under which the occurrence was to be ranged. They thought of nihilism, a disease then prevalent everywhere, and now simply ridiculous; but the conductor's high and aristocratic bearing, which clung to him all through his life, did not agree with this theory. They thought of want of money, but it could not well be that; with the Prince's family connections, he might, supposing him incapable of really doing anything, which was not the case, have obtained some appointment with nothing at all to do, which would have raised him above want. The audience decided in favor of the Prince's passionate fondness for music; but there was nothing so very reprehensible about this, and they wanted to lay some kind of transgression to the charge of one who had thus wounded aristocratic pride. 'High life' was most dissatisfied at the sympathy which the event found among the general public. After much debating, it was decided that the Prince's eccentricity, and his yearning for popularity, had induced him to take such a step. There was some truth in this. Amidst the colorless society to which he belonged, he was distinguished all his life for decided originality and energy, which latter, unfortunately, was not invariably devoted to a proper object; for a tendency towards the grandiose in outward things, while the other members of his own class were contented with empty splendor and the strict practice of traditional customs. It is certain that the Prince was no ordinary man. The light-heartedness with which he went through some most difficult moments of his eventful life really borders upon geniality. More than once did Fortune raise him above his difficulties, and more than once did he stand upon the brink of ruin. Out of a luxurious carriage with powdered lackeys did the Prince step into the prison for debt in London. One day he would give a dinner fit for Sardanapalus, and, the next, he would have nothing to eat. He mixed in every rank of social life, and was acquainted with every kind of privation, to which he was continually being reduced by his carelessness for the morrow. His entire existence was one series of obstacles over which he triumphed, simply to become again involved. He was made up of contradictions. His efforts to gain money equalled his extravagance. Kind by nature, he often did wrong, and then repented and confessed his fault. Brought up among those who possess no notion of genuine nationality (?), the Prince was, to the last, a man of the people (?), a true Russian, with all the good and all the bad qualities of such an individual. He knew very well that he possessed more enemies than friends, and blamed no one for this but himself. He never concealed his faults, and listened quietly to reproaches, in which neither friend nor foe were ever deficient. One thing, however, is incomprehensible, and that is how it was that, with the energy of which he gave such frequent proofs, he never would combat against himself. 'I have no worse enemy than myself,' he used to say. We cannot attribute everything to the circumstances in which he was placed; but, under different circumstances, he would have been a different man. Nature had not behaved like a stepmother in her gifts to him; led astray, when young, he could not succeed for a long time in finding the right path, on which he did not enter until nearly the close of his life. The lost time, however, was not to be recovered, and for that reason it is not likely that the Prince will ever hold a place of honor in the history of the development of Russian art."

Other organs of the Russian press, which derive their information from the *Memoirs* he has left, tell us that the Prince was brought up in the corps of Imperial Pages, and for mere amusement taught his comrades choral singing, as he afterwards taught others as a serious means of subsistence. In London it was from the prison for debt that he went to conduct his concerts, returning to prison after he had finished conducting, and being accompanied both to and fro by a policeman (?).^{*} In America he did not make money; the principal sphere of his efforts in Russia was at the concerts of the Zoological Gardens, Moscow, where he was popular, which was not the case in St. Petersburg. Only once, we

* From the Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.

^{*} This ("??") is mine; the others belong to the original Russian article quoted by Herr von Lenz.—TRANSLATOR.

are told in his *Memoirs*, did he burst into tears over his misfortunes. In London he set his colleagues against him by his aristocratic bearing. At one concert he gave the signal for beginning the overture to *Zampa*, and the orchestra obeyed by bursting out into a horrible medley; they were playing from the parts of a number of different operas, which had been substituted for the proper ones. The public hooted and jeered, the speculator cried off his bargain, and the Prince stood alone in the great foreign capital, not even able to speak with fluency the language of the country.—In our opinion it was simply the wish to show himself and be talked about which brought the Prince before the public; he deserved a better fate, and was not without natural gifts.

W. VON LENZ.

—*London Musical World.*

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, NOV. 21.—As I have already taken a large allowance of your space, I will restrict myself to a brief record of the concerts which have been given since the date of my last letter. Last week Mr. Grau gave us three soirees of chamber music and one matinee. Messrs. Rubinstein and Wieniawski were assisted in these concerts by Mr. F. Bergner, Mr. Matzka, Mr. Goffrie and others. Mlle. Liebhart was the vocalist. The concerts were given at Steinway Hall, and, although the auditorium was too large for chamber music, a small room would not have contained the audience, which was uniformly good both in number and kind. The first soiree (Nov. 12th), opened with Mendelssohn's trio in C minor, played by Rubinstein, Wieniawski and Bergner. Then Mlle. Liebhart sang one of Mendelssohn's songs, which was followed by a Beethoven Quartet for two violins, viola and cello, played by Messrs. Wieniawski, Matzka, Goffrie and Bergner. Mlle. Liebhart then gave us a Cradle Song by Taubert, and a bright little melody by Schubert. Hummel's celebrated Septet in D minor ended the programme. It was played by Messrs. Rubinstein, Rietzel, Ohlemann, Lotze, Goffrie, Bergner and Raeder.

I give, below, the instrumental pieces played at the succeeding concerts in the order in which they came.

Nov. 13. Quintet, E flat, Schumann; Rubinstein, Wieniawski, Loewenberg, Goffrie, Bergner. Quintet, B flat, Mendelssohn; Messrs. Wieniawski, Loewenberg, Goffrie, Matzka, Bergner. Trio, B flat, Beethoven; Messrs. Rubinstein, Wieniawski and Bergner.

Nov. 15. Trio, B flat, Schubert. Anton Rubinstein, Wieniawski, F. Bergner. Quartet, Haydn, Messrs. Wieniawski, Matzka, Goffrie, Bergner. Trio, G minor, Rubinstein; Anton Rubinstein, Henri Wieniawski, F. Bergner.

Nov. 16. Quartet, E flat, Schumann; Rubinstein, Wieniawski, Goffrie, Bergner. Quintet, G minor, Mozart; Messrs. Wieniawski, Loewenberg, Goffrie, Matzka, Bergner. Trio, B flat, Rubinstein; Anton Rubinstein, Henry Wieniawski, F. Bergner.

There is nothing in our concert record to equal these soirees in the classical character of their programmes and the talent of the performers.

One addition has been made to the repertoire at the Opera; namely: *Les Huguenots*, which was performed last night for the first time this season, with Mme. Pauline Lucca as Valentine. The morning papers speak highly of her singing, although they give but faint praise to the other performers. In fact the Italian Opera is generally acknowledged to be a dismal failure, and there are predictions that the management will have to retire ingloriously from the field at the close of the present season.

At the first Philharmonic Concert, which took place on Saturday evening, Nov. 16th, the following orchestral pieces were performed; Overture to

"Tannhaeuser," Wagner; Overture, Prinzessin "Isle." Erdmannsdorfer; Symphony, No. 7, Beethoven.

Anton Rubinstein was the soloist and played, first, his favorite Concerto in D minor; his other selection being Chopin's "Preludes" Liszt's "Erl King," and, for encore, the march from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens."

A. A. C.

DEC. 7.—Mr. S. B. MILLS and Dr. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH have given two very agreeable chamber concerts at Steinway's smaller hall; and it must have been gratifying for the artists to see the room so well filled with people whose musical culture was evinced by the manner in which every nice point or fine turn of expression made by the performer was appreciated and applauded. At the first concert, Nov. 21, they were assisted by Mlle. Anna Drasdil, contralto (from London), and by Mr. F. Bergner, whose presence is almost a necessary thing when chamber-music is to be played here. Beethoven's Sonata in G, op. 96, for piano and violin, opened the programme, and received a masterly interpretation at the hands of Mr. Mills and Dr. Damrosch. The former displayed to perfection the beautiful legato style which Beethoven's music requires, and though his playing was at times a little cold, no other fault could be found by the most critical. Dr. Damrosch is an admirable violinist, severely classical in style as well as graceful and poetic. He makes no claim to virtuosity, but his facility of execution, particularly in polyphonic passages, is remarkable. His soli were a Prelude (in E) by J. S. Bach, and an Adagio by Spohr, which brought an encore. Mr. Mills played Chopin's *Scherzo*, op. 20, which was also encored.

Miss ANNA DRASIL made decidedly a favorable impression. Her voice is a deep, clear contralto of great power, and somewhat metallic in *timbre*. Her phrasing is very fine, and she has evidently studied to great advantage. Her selections were F. Hiller's beautiful "Prayer" and Mendelssohn's "Herbstlied." The first piece was so well sung that it had to be repeated, and, being recalled after the "Herbstlied," she sang another German *Lied*.

The concert ended with a very noisy and uninteresting trio, by C. Frank, (F-sharp minor), which did something to obliterate the pleasant impression made by the other selections.

The second soiree came on Thursday evening, Dec. 5, the instrumental artists being the same as before, while the place of the vocalist was taken by Mr. Geo. A. Dennison. Joachim Raff's Sonata in G minor, op. 129, for piano and violin, was first on the programme. Then Mr. Dennison sang Schubert's "Wanderer." His voice is a very fair baritone, but lacks cultivation, and his singing was somewhat labored.

Mr. Mills followed with a splendid interpretation of Schumann's *Intermezzo*, op. 4, 2nd book, revealing clearly the strange beauty of this weird and wonderful tone-poem. On being encored he gave one of Chopin's *Nocturnes*. The next piece was an Adagio for Violin by Mozart, played by Dr. Damrosch. This brought an encore, to which Dr. Damrosch responded with a transcription for the violin, (his own I believe) of Chopin's waltz in D flat. This was indeed gratifying, inasmuch as Chopin carefully avoided writing for any thing but the piano, and many of his pieces sound infinitely better on some other instrument. I have already heard one of his "funeral marches" "played on to a flute" (!), and have no doubt that some enterprising musician will give us the Adagio of the second Concerto on the cornet a piston.

Mr. Dennison sang Beethoven's "Adelaide," and the concert ended with the quaint and beautiful Trio, in E flat, op. 70, by the same composer, played by Mr. Mills, Dr. Damrosch and Mr. F. Bergner.

All three of the instruments were nicely handled and the performance was as good as could be desired. These soirees have already taken very high rank, to which they are entitled by the excellence of the programmes as well as by the distinction of the artists.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society gave their first concert for the season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, Nov. 30, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was performed by an excellent orchestra under Carl Bergmann. The other orchestral selections were Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis" Overture, and Liszt's "Mazeppa." Miss Kellogg was the vocalist and sang the "Letter Aria" from *Don Giovanni* remarkably well. Also a scena from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Miss Mehlig, at the piano, played Schumann's great Concerto, and a *Rhapsodie*, by Liszt. Her performance was very effective. The audience was a large and brilliant one and the prospects are good for a successful season.

A. A. C.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 22.—We have had an unbroken chain of highly enjoyable musical entertainments. Mr. Wolfsohn's second orchestral matinee, which took place at Horticultural Hall last Saturday afternoon, being the first in order, let me briefly review it.

Haydn's sprightly little "Surprise" Symphony was the main feature, and it was delightfully played. The lights and shades were well marked, and the expression carefully observed. The Andante (in C major) was especially to be admired for the precision and crispness that it so essentially requires. The only other pieces given us of any moment were Nesvabda's clever arrangement of "Lorelei," and a saxophone solo by Mr. Lefebvre. On Tuesday the 19th, Theodore Thomas began a series of six concerts. The Overture to Cherubini's "Water-Carrier" and Weber's "Oberon" Overtures were most faithfully rendered. But the "Brook Scene" in the Pastoral Symphony was the highest exemplification of absolutely perfect orchestral playing I ever heard; the executive powers of every performer seemed for the time being to be completely governed by the will and sentiment of the conductor, and hence the result I described. Mr. Osgood made his first appearance with an aria from "Belmonte und Constanze," and for encore Schubert's "Serenade." In Part II. he sang four songs of Schumann and in "Up from my tears" he displayed most excellent qualities as a singer; but his voice lacks power, and is quite limited in compass. Nevertheless he sings honestly and clearly. Miss Mehlig was warmly welcomed on her appearing; she gave us a Ballade of Chopin's. Mr. Jacobsohn, the new violinist, selected for his debut here the Andante and Finale of Mendelssohn's Concerto, op. 64; but he did not give the opening with enough certainty and vigor; yet in the closing movement he exhibited considerable sentiment and refinement.

The majestic Seventh Symphony of Beethoven was the attraction at Wednesday's concert. The whole work was given to us without a flaw in the spirit or act of presentation. The "Scherzo" was superb. Mr. Osgood sang "Comfort ye," and "Ev'ry valley." I do not think his performance of the air was entirely happy; his main difficulty appears to be that he can not hold his breath for any time, and this marred his performance. Franz's "Slumber Song" he gave with a tenderness and delicacy that was truly delightful. Miss Mehlig won for herself an encore by her exquisite playing of Liszt's "Weber's Polonaise."

On Thursday evening "Elijah" was given by the Handel and Haydn Society. The soloists were Mme. Rudersdorff, Miss Fairman, Messrs. Simpson and Whitney. Mme. Rudersdorff sang her recita-

tives with true dramatic intensity. And to the airs also she gave an honest construction: for example, the widow's despairing cry for aid in "Help me, man of God," the credulous "Wilt thou show wonders to the dead," and the Angel's exhortation: "Hear ye Israel" could not have received a more dramatic portrayal from a Ristori. But her manner on the stage is not what we are accustomed to. Whitney was very great in his airs, but his recitatives were not given as Dr. Guilmette used to speak them. "It is enough" he sang exquisitely. Mr. Simpson sang as usual. "If with all your hearts" suits his style, and hence shows him in his best colors. But "Then shall the righteous" requires the vigor of a Sims Reeves to give it effect. Miss Fairman won for herself the only solo encore of the evening for her pleasing performance of "Rest in the Lord." Her voice is a rich and smooth Contralto. The tempo at which she took this solo was a great improvement on what is generally heard. It is marked "Andantino" and is sung "Largo." The choruses were generally good, but the orchestra quite bad.

To night Thomas's Orchestra gave their third concert. Berlioz's "King Lear" Overture and Liszt's "Symphonic Poem" [which one?] together with the "Tannhaeuser" Overture were the principal Orchestral pieces. Miss Mehlig played the first movement of the G-major Beethoven Concerto. Mr. Osgood sang Schubert's "Erl King" exceedingly well; and in Part II. he sang a song of his own, "John Anderson's gone." It is a pleasing little morceau in the Scotch style. Mr. Listemann gave us Paganini's "Witch Dance." The matinee to-morrow and the concert in the evening will close the season.

Nov. 30.—Theodore Thomas closed his series of concerts last Saturday with a matinee and an evening performance. At the former, Rubinstein's "Dimitri Donskoi" overture, Raff's "Dame Kobolt," Beethoven's 2nd Symphony, (Larghetto), and the third act of *Lohengrin*, were the orchestral part of the programme. Mr. Osgood sang three songs of Franz with great and tasteful expression, and Mr. Jacobsohn gave us a Notturmo of Ernst's and a piece by Hauser. Miss Mehlig was rapturously applauded for her forcible rendering of Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise." At the evening concert, (the last of the season), Mozart's G-minor symphony headed the remarkably rich programme. The "Andante" was perfectly interpreted and indeed so was the whole work. In Chopin's Concerto, op. 11, Mehlig shone forth, particularly brightly in the "Rondo." The "Andante Cantabile" of Beethoven's Trio, op. 97, adapted for the Orchestra as the Introduction to Liszt's "Beethoven Cantata" was new to me; but the orchestration is so skilful, and the execution was so good that it was a great treat. Berlioz's orchestral arrangement of *Invitation a la Danse*, Liszt's *Huldigungs Marsch*, and selections from Wagner's "Ring of the Niebelungen," together with Mr. Osgood's most acceptable singing of Schubert's Serenade, completed the programme.

EUSTACE.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 14, 1872.

Theodore Thomas's Concerts.

Boston is glad when her turn comes to be revisited by this distinguished leader and his admirable orchestra. That it is the most perfect orchestra on this side of the Atlantic, in all respects except in numbers, is clear enough, and has been clear for several years,—indeed from the time that it began its annual circuits through the music-loving towns

and cities East and West. We have always welcomed these men, both for the stimulating example they have brought us of what may fairly be called model orchestral performances, and in no small degree also for gratifying our curiosity about the new composers whose names are prominent before the world, although confessing to less sympathy with most of these than we had hoped to have. But though we cannot share with Mr. Thomas in his admiration of the works of Liszt and Berlioz and Wagner, which he so heroically persists in bringing forward season after season,—in spite of rather cold reception from the general audience, and very cold from those who are most musical, with few exceptions,—yet none the less we thank him for trying for us these experiments which we, without his orchestra and his peculiar advantages, should find it poor economy, indeed a waste of better opportunities, to try ourselves.

The problem so conspicuously solved by Mr. Thomas is naturally a somewhat different one from that presented to a local organization,—say our own Symphony Concerts. With him it is to keep complete, and in prime working order at all times, a thoroughly assimilated, perfect band, equipped and ready for all instrumental tasks, omnipresent like a battery of flying artillery, and nowhere suffering the novelty to wear off; in a word to have always in training, and to carry everywhere a shining specimen of what we may call *orchestral virtuosity*. For any local organization (i.e. in this country) this, even if it were possible, as it is by no means, is not the problem, not the chief end sought. Here the point is to build up something permanent, out of our own resources, which shall be as independent as possible of outward influences, competitions, fashions, just to make sure of hearing every season, at fair intervals, some programmes of the best standard instrumental music; so that Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, &c., may never go too long without a hearing; to have them presented in fit combinations and in a true artistic spirit, and as to execution, why as near to the ideal as local circumstances will permit; but these can never be entirely favorable, because an orchestra made up for ten or a dozen concerts in a winter can never hope to rival an orchestra which is *always* an orchestra, whose members live by that and nothing else. Both problems are legitimate; society would be the loser if either were neglected. We need the permanent supplies at home, unfailing fountains springing in our midst; we need also the fresh surprise and stimulus of brilliant visitations from without. But the first need is vital, indispensable; as much more important than the other as is the home life more important than the fickle, changeable outside society. It is suicidal for a musical community to cease to cherish, with something like religious zeal and constancy, its own musical institutions, in which its own best artistic aspirations are embodied, even for all the brilliant novelties which all the travelling artists in the world can bring one after another, in a perpetual round of brief distracting "seasons." But so long as we keep on building for ourselves,—loyal to the true ideal of our own Orchestra, our own Oratorio Society, (would we might say, too, our own Opera!), in spite of all the drawbacks and short-comings of each given moment, so long are we in a condition rightly to profit by the bright examples and the extra holidays which men like Thomas bring to us. We think that his performances have had a quickening influence on our own Orchestra from year to year; and we shall think his mission wasted on us, if it do not help us in the long run to establish ourselves musically upon our own foundation, which shall be self-centred and enduring; so established, we can afford better to be hospitable.

Moreover they have earned our special gratitude just now, by coming to us in this gloomy season after Boston's great calamity, and filling a whole week with harmony and sunshine (in strong relief against black thunder-clouds of Liszt and Wagner!). Without these splendid concerts,—six of them (seven, counting the one given in the Bay State Lecture course),—more than a week would have gone uncheered by music. They came with full ranks, armor furnished bright, in perfect training, fresh and full of ardor. That is to say, the orchestra was better than ever,—if that were possible,—which we are inclined to doubt, even in spite of our own last impression. Most of the excellent members of past years were gladly recognized again, with several new and valuable accessions to their ranks. The number, of violins at least, was somewhat increased,—to 10 first violins, as in the Harvard,—the 'cellos and basses being fewer;—but the extra instruments (harp, piccolo, bass tuba, triangle, &c.) required by the new music, swelling the muster roll considerably. The very first sound was electrifying; such pure and brilliant intonation, such perfect ensemble of tone color; such sure attack and vital unity in the violins, all bowed alike. And then as the work progressed one felt the charm and individuality of each several instrument, and admired the habit or the instinct that they had of keeping themselves subordinate to the general harmonious effect. Such a crystal clear, true ring to all the brass, too! Such precision, faultless phrasing, light and shade,—in short all that pertains to perfect execution:—why need we name these qualities again, all of which have always been accredited to the Thomas orchestra, and which may now again be predicated generally of the whole week's performances, without specifying in detail how well this or that particular piece was rendered.

And *ought* it not to be a model orchestra? It is the only orchestra in this country that can be said to have a chance. For in the first place Mr. Thomas has his pick of artists; he can offer them year-round engagements, with good, sure salaries, so that they can make this their sole and constant occupation, playing always in one orchestra, under the same superior Conductor, always "up" in all the music old and new of any high pretensions, and kept aloof from damaging association with tasks less artistic. With that power, what can not a man do, if he have it in him? Whereas, in any given city, so small as our's for instance, a musician plays once a fortnight in a Symphony concert (for a few months only), and all the rest of the time perhaps must earn his bread and butter in a street band, or a theatre, or by playing all night for balls and parties, to come back jaded and sleepless to the next rehearsal of a Symphony. For local Symphony and Philharmonic orchestras there can be no sure hold upon the best musicians, because these offer them no constant and supporting occupation, but only seek their services for six or ten concerts in a winter. Thus the travelling orchestra can not only be made up of first-class material, but in the nature of the case it keeps itself in perpetual rehearsal and in practice before critical publics every day almost in the whole year,—in the hot months giving delicious garden concerts at the Central Park,—a thing which we trust our "Puritanism" will feel the need of before many summers.—Besides, preparing for this endless round of concerts, they can afford to spend time and breath upon the trial of new works, can venture into the "Zukunft" as far as they like; and here again they gain a knowledge of the new effects of instrumentation, often brilliant or otherwise interesting, and in which Liszt and Berlioz and Wagner are masters, if in nothing else; all this keeps up their virtuosity, as difficult *études* do with the pianist, and makes all their tasks more sure and easy.—Now we do not say

that, given these advantages, it does not need a man of mark to use them. Not every one, nor one in a thousand, probably, could wield them with the power and the intelligence and subtle faculty of Mr. Thomas. He is rarely gifted for the master spirit of an orchestra; in a singularly cool and quiet way he has his forces perfectly in hand. We only marvel sometimes at his taste. And this brings us to his programmes, of which we may now speak dis-embarrassed from all necessity of further allusion to their admirable execution, except now and then a question of interpretation.

The programmes were made up of essentially the same elements, in about the same proportions, with most of the Thomas concerts heretofore: namely, about one-third classical (a good overture or two, now and then a symphony, or part of one, a short entr'acte, or an arranged movement, and sometimes a Concerto); one-third, sometimes a full half, of the Liszt-Wagner-Berlioz kind; and one-third of Strauss Waltzes, solos, lighter overtures and variations. This time the new element of solo-singing, by Mr. GEORGE L. OSGOOD, tenor, (whose speciality is the German Lied, of the higher kind, by Schubert, Schumann, Franz, &c.), was introduced, with dubious response at first, but to the growing satisfaction of appreciative listeners. Then there was the ever welcome piano playing of Miss MEHLIG.

Under the first head the principal features have been: first, a wonderfully vivid, clear, precise, exhilarating performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. As a piece of orchestral virtuosity we have heard nothing like the way that the Finale was played with lightning rapidity, and yet all clear. Whether Beethoven so meant it, is, to say the least, a fair question. We feel very certain that the first Allegro also was too fast. Indeed these tempi appeared dictated by a common theory about this Symphony: that it means joy, festivity and nothing else; whereas that first Allegro (and not the second movement only) contains thoughts of weight and dignity as well as joy, which, to maintain their character, should move with some degree of moderation. To the Allegretto and the Scherzo we take no exception; their rendering was altogether admirable; only in that sublime episode, the Trio, where the heavens seem to open, and the A is sounded all through, it seemed that some of the grandeur was lost by not holding back the time a little more. Then the G-minor Symphony of Mozart (with clarinets not found in Mozart's score), which was of course well played, but without any particular unction or fervor, seeming to show some want of interest in the old masterwork. We need that this exquisite Symphony seemed to go by rote, mechanically well, but uninspired; and the bold, strong Minuet was hurried through. The "Scene by the Brookside" from the Pastoral Symphony, in the first concert, was indeed most beautifully rendered. But would not the exquisite tone picture have been still more enjoyed and felt if it had been preceded by the first movement, in which after all the real inspiration of that Symphony resides, its theme giving the key to the whole work, instead of being isolated like a picture hung amid unrelated although very worthy neighbors?—Of classical Overtures the list was rich and choice, and all were admirably effective in the rendering. It included Cherubini's "Water-Carrier," Weber's "Oberon," Mendelssohn's "Melusina," Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*, Weber's *Frey-schutz*, Rossini's *Tell*, and Beethoven's *Egmont*. In Gluck's noble Overture Mr. Thomas followed the suggestions of Richard Wagner, who not only put to it a conclusion, which it lacks originally, running directly into the opening scene of the opera, and who did it well and wisely, simply bringing back the solemn, plaintive Introduction, which also forms the introduction to the scene; but who also, after

consulting the old French edition of the score, and finding "Andante" at the beginning of the Overture with no other mark occurring afterwards, made up his mind that the whole piece should be played through at that very moderate tempo; whereas it is usual to double the speed to an Allegro when the more exciting theme sets in. In spite of the old printed score, we cannot (as yet) feel that it is in the nature of the piece to walk along at such a slow and stately pace. But we should like to hear both renderings before deciding.—The favorite "Prometheus" selection (Beethoven) was played, a new 'cello (Mr. HEMMANN), with a beautiful tone and style, taking the *obligato* melody. Liszt's arrangement for orchestra of the *Andante Cantabile* of the great B-flat Trio of Beethoven (forming the introduction to his "Beethoven Cantata") made a deep impression, both by the rich, full, broad effect of all the strings in the *cantabile* itself, and by the skilful way in which the melodic phrases in one or two of the variations were distributed amongst the reeds, flutes, &c. The Berlioz transcription of Weber's "Invitation," was as delicious as ever. Selections of this kind were fewer than usual this time; there were none of those admirably effective movements from classical quartets, the Beethoven Septet, &c., by all the strings, which formed so fine a feature of the last year's concerts (with the single exception of the D-minor Schubert Variations in the "Lecture" concert); while the "everlasting" *Träumerei* and Haydn "Serenade" seem to have got their quietus altogether; (high time, we should think, if it be true that *fifty thousand dollars* worth of piano copies of the former have been sold in this country through the magic of the Thomas *pianissimo*!)

Under the second head we were treated in the first concert to very wild, tumultuous selections from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," including Senta's spinning song; to a *Menuet des Follets* and *Ballet des Sylphs*, from Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust," containing some very pretty and ingenious playing with musical sounds, but little of intrinsic music, the marvellously fine execution being two-thirds of what charm there was in it; and the Rakoczy March by Liszt. The next day's matinee brought Liszt's "Tasso," for the fourth or fifth time here, which does not grow less wearisome and dismal to us, or a whit more original after the "Preludes," by repetition; and a not very edifying "Huldigung," or Homage, March by Wagner. On the third day we had selections from the first act of *Lohengrin*,—by no means so effective as those which Thomas used to give from the third act,—at least when cut out from the drama on the stage; and for a night-cap, Liszt's "Mephisto Waltz," the coarse scene in the village inn, from Lenau's *Faust*, which we had once last year, and which, if it be music, seems to us such music as is "not fit for ears polite." The "King Lear" Overture by Berlioz, the next night, and the new specimen of Liszt's "Symphonic Poems": "*Die Hunnenschlacht* (Battle of the Huns), illustrating Kaulbach's famous fresco, and bringing in the Organ (Mr. J. K. PAINE), it was our misfortune (perhaps) not to hear. The *Tannhauser* Overture wound up that concert. The only striking novelty remaining of this class was (preceded by the *Lohengrin* Vorspiel, which we have always found interesting): *Der Ritt der Walküren*, the Ride of Odin's Maidens, messengers of death in battle,—a strange, wild, rushing, headlong movement, multitudinous and wierd, which might be "awful and beautiful beings" with streaming hair on ghastly steeds, or witches riding upon broom-sticks, or a herd of buffalos, or the swine going out from those possessed by evil spirits, or a fierce mob of sans-culottes, for aught that the sounds suggested to the imagination of the hearer. The oddity of the movement, almost laughable, made it not easy to regard it seriously as music. The picture had not the imaginative quality, the remoteness, the aerial perspective, so to speak, of something mythical, poetic, but rather seemed conceived and drawn in the spirit of a most materialistic realism. So at least it seemed to us; perhaps we might receive a different impression were we to hear it in the opera brought out under all the Wagnerian conditions.

—We must pass by an agreeable variety of lighter orchestral pieces, &c., for the present, to save room for brief mention of the two principal solo artists. Miss MEHLIG's selections were old favorites and of the best: the *Larghetto* and *Finale* from Chopin's F-minor Concerto; first movement of the Beethoven Concerto in G, with von Bülow's *cadenza*; the Weber *Polonaise*, arranged by Liszt; and the Romance and Rondo of the E-minor Concerto of Chopin, were her pieces with orchestra. And for piano alone: the Chopin *Ballade* in A flat, Schumann's "*Des Abends*," the "*Soirees de Vienna*" (Schubert-Liszt) "*Gnomon-Reigen*" by Seelig, &c. All of which were rendered in that admirable manner which is sure to charm her audiences.

Singing is a new feature in the Thomas concerts. Mr. OSGOOD's sweet and sympathetic tenor voice, though not of power enough to sing with perfect ease in the great Music Hall, yet made itself clearly heard in all parts; and more and more, as one became accustomed to it, and to his whole individuality, as well as to the peculiar class of songs to which he most devotes himself, was its charm felt. His lower tones are not very pure nor is his compass great; the effort, too, to overcome the disproportion of the place to so delicate an organ caused some tremolo. But the fervor, the expression, the refinement of a genuine, an intelligent and conscientiously cultivated singer won their way, if slowly, surely. His larger efforts were: "Comfort ye," from the *Messiah*; the lover's aria in Mozart's *Seraglio*; Schubert's *Serenade* and *Erl-King*. The *Serenade* was given with orchestra,—rather too formidable a substitute for the light guitar-like accompaniment in the original. But the singing of all these pieces was artistic, and full of fervor, although the singer does not seem to lose himself so fully in his song as doubtless he would do in a smaller and more sympathetic audience. The smaller songs (*Lieder*) were: Schubert's "Frühlingsglaube," which seemed particularly suited for him; "Good morning, maiden" and "Die böse Farbe," from the *Schoene Muellerin*, and "Dream of Spring." Of Schumann: four of the little breaths of song, melodic moods, from the *Dichterliebe* of Heine; five little poems by Lenau, charmingly contrasted, one of them ("Meine Rose") most exquisite, and rendered to a charm. Of Franz: "Abendlied," "Tis the dark green leaves," and "In the Woods;" "The Rose complained," and "Slumber, thou art mine." Of Mendelssohn an old German *Minnelied*, and Mozart's charming "Violet" (from Goethe). Some of these he sang in English, with remarkably distinct enunciation, and some in German. Many will not be reconciled to such songs, so declamatory, and short and fragmentary in respect to melody, except in a parlor. For the concert they desire the flowing *cantilena*; whereas these little songs are composed upon another principle: that of simply giving musical expression to the words: liberating, as it were, the latent soul, the inmost essential music of the little poems. Mr. Osgood, and Mr. Thomas, nevertheless are to be thanked for giving the public a chance for some acquaintance with gems so instinct with poetry and genius, so fresh and full of individuality.

THIRD SYMPHONY CONCERT. The audience was the largest and the best yet seen in the Music Hall this season. Gade is a composer whose Symphonies, now eight in number, fall off in strength and inspiration as he goes on. The second, in E, which was substituted for the fifth, after its trial in rehearsal, is the next best to the No. 1, in C minor. It had been heard here only once before, four years ago, when it was not appreciated at its full worth. It has all the Gade individuality, the romantic Northern sea-shore character; bold, old bardic, Volkslied themes, with a strong nationality and a heroic ring to them, contrasted with charming fairy measures. The instrumentation is very rich and graphic. The *Andante* is very grand, containing material for a superb national hymn; and so is much of the *Finale*. It was played with spirit, if with some roughnesses, and was greatly enjoyed by many, if not by all. The opening Overture, Mozart's to "Titus," has only one fault, that of being too short; both that and the concluding one by Mendelssohn, to "Ray Blas," was finely played.

Miss ALICE FAIRMAN, by her large and smooth contralto, and her good honest *cantabile* style of singing, made a good impression in the *Cradle Song* of Bach, which, with the orchestral accompaniments as completed in Bach's very spirit by Robert Franz, formed a most lovely whole. In the Aria: "Cangio d'aspetto," from Handel's *Admeto* with piano accompaniment, she had more room for effect, and won a very hearty encore.—Miss MEHLIG played Liszt's half-romantic, half-uncouth Concerto in E flat, wonderfully well; if anything could reconcile us to the work it would be her performance. The Chopin *Nocturne* seemed to us a little over-sentimentalized; but the great Bach Organ Prelude and Fugue in A minor, transcribed by Liszt, were played with masterly distinctness, vitality and power, and riveted attention, giving great delight.

Next Concert, three weeks from the last, Dec. 26.

The musical prospect brightens! but we have no room to name the things promised us.

Foreign Correspondence.

BERLIN, OCT. 26.—This week has been quite an eventful one. It began on Monday with the funeral of Prince Albrecht, the youngest brother of the Emperor, a very imposing spectacle, of which I had an excellent view from a wagon which was drawn up to overlook the procession. There was a roadway of wood carpeted with black, built from the royal castle to the Dom, over which the funeral array was to pass. We waited about an hour before it came along, but we were pretty well amused by the gorgeous equipages and liveries of the different diplomatic corps which went flashing past. We were on the opposite side of the canal, and so were separated from the square in front of the Dom, which is flanked by the castle on the right, and the Museum on the left hand. All this square was surrounded by troops; for as Prince Albrecht was a field-marshal, the funeral had a military character. They were beautifully arranged, the cavalry on one side and the infantry on the other, and the different uniforms were contrasted with each other so as to make the best effects in color. Both horses and men stood as if they were carved out of marble, with the greatest precision of position.

A little before eleven the royal earriages rolled by from the palace to the castle with their occupants. Presently the bells began to toll, and exactly at eleven the procession started. The Garde du Corps, which is the crown prince's regiment, preceded the coffin, dressed in white and silver uniforms, with glittering brass helmets surmounted by silver eagles. The coffin itself was borne on a catafalque, and drawn by eight horses covered with black velvet trappings. It was yellow and was surmounted by a crown of gold. On it was laid the Prince's sword, helmet, etc., and some flowers. I was too far away to distinguish the personages that followed; of course the Emperor was nearest, and all were on foot. The band played a Choral, "Jesus my refuge"—I believe—and the bells kept tolling all the while. Behind the coffin the prince's favorite horse was led, saddled and bridled. All the servants of his household walked together in silver livery, and with large triangular hats with long bands of crape hanging down behind. At the door of the church the procession was received by the officiating clergy. The coffin was so heavy that it was rolled from the wagon down a platform of boards put up for the purpose. Then it was lifted by sixteen bearers, the glittering cortege closed round it, and they all swept in at the open portal. We waited until the end of the service, as it was a short one, in order to hear the eight rounds of firing by the artillery. It was interesting to see how exactly they all fired the instant the signal was given. First the musketry on one side, and then that on the other side in answer to it. The officers galloped and curvetted about on their fiery steeds, and finally the cannon went boom, boom. The sharp crack of the rifles made you start, but the sullen roar of the cannon made you shudder. It gave you some idea of a battle. A friend told me that the scene within the Dom was magnificent, and that the music was perfectly heavenly. I can imagine that the uniforms stood out most beautifully against the black draped church, and the catafalque was surrounded with burning wax candles. The coffin was left in the church until night, when it was carried out to Charlottenburg escorted by the royal family, and buried in the royal vault there.

Tuesday night I went to a concert given by one of the newer stars in the musical world, the young violinist WILHELMJ. He is only twenty-six years old, and is already said to be one of the greatest virtuosos living, perhaps the greatest of the romantic school, for Joachim belongs to the severe classic.

All the artists and critics and many of the aristocracy turned out to hear him. It was his first appearance in Berlin, and as I looked around the audience and picked out one great musician after another, I fairly trembled for him. Joachim and De Ahna were both present, and my adorable Baroness von Schlcinitz swept in late, looking more exquisite than ever in black lace over black silk with jet ornaments, and her lovely hair curled and done high on her aristocratic little head. She was all in mourning for the prince, even to a black lace fan with which she occasionally shaded her eyes, so that her peach-bloomy cheek was just to be discerned through it. When her face is in perfect repose she has the most charming expression, a mixture of piquancy and sentiment, and a sort of celestial look in her deep-set blue eyes. She is what the French call *spirituelle*, and the Germans *geistreich*, but we've no word in our language that just describes her. She is the best amateur in the court circle, and the friend of all the great artists, and at concerts I enjoy gazing at her from the distance as on a bright particular star.

Well, as I was saying, my head got quite dizzy with thinking what it was to play before such an audience, but Wilhelmj seemed to differ from me, for he came boldly down the steps, and took his stand with the dignified self-poise of an artist who is master of his instrument, and who knows what he can do. He was extremely handsome, with regular features, massive overhanging forehead, and with an expression of power and self-containment. He looked like a perfect picture as he stood there so quietly and played! He hadn't gone far before he made a masterly cadenza that took down the house, and there was a general burst of applause. His tone, (which is the grand thing in violin playing) was magnificent, and his technique enormous. He did not play with that tenderness of feeling and wonderful variety of expression that Joachim does, but it was as if he did not care to affect people in that way. It made me think of Tausig on the piano. He played with the greatest passion and *aplomb*, and the strings seemed actually to seethe. People were simply carried by storm.

The second piece was a Concerto by Raff, in three movements. Wilhelmj was in the midst of the *Andante*, and was sawing our hearts out with every stroke of his bow, when suddenly a string snapped under the strain of his passionate fingers. He instantly ceased playing and retired up the steps to the back of the stage, where he sat down to put on another string. After a pause he came down and began again, but the string was so out of tune that he retired a second time. [He probably didn't excrete a little inwardly just about then—O no!] But he came down the third time with the utmost imperturbability, and got through. He had to omit the last two pieces on his programme though, and instead he played a little *Suite* by Bach so wonderfully that I was really startled. I never shall forget the *nuances* he put into his trill; I afterward heard that it was a piece he scarcely knew at all! In short, Miss B. and I went "perfectly distracted" over Wilhelmj. But I was surprised myself to see how he excited me, for I kept dreaming all night that I saw him standing there and playing on his violin, and kept waking up with a start. There must have been a striking individuality about him to make such an impression on an old "Musiker" like myself who am steeped in concerts all the while. He is great, and I hope you will hear him some day in America.

LEIPZIG. Fourth Gewandhaus Concert: Overture to *Genoveva*, Schumann; *Aria*, Beethoven, (Mlle. Orgeni); Violoncello Concerto, A minor, Golttermann (Herr Rendsburg); Songs; Adagio for cello, Bargiel; fifth Symphony, Beethoven.

Fifth Gewandhaus Concert: "Michel Angelo" Overture, Gade; Hymn from *Pandora*, B. Scholtz (Herr Gura); E-flat Concerto, Beethoven (Herr Urspruch); Duet from *Der Fliegende Holländer*, Wagner; Symphony, No. 4, G minor, Raff; Organ Toccata, Bach-Tausig (Herr Urspruch); and Songs.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

NOTE. During the fortnight in which the Journal was not published a large number of new pieces appeared. We regret that limited space compels the briefest mention of these and of others issued during the past two weeks. A number of columns might be filled with descriptions of such excellent compositions.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC.

- Angels from the Realms of Glory. Solo and Quartet. 4. Eb. R. C. W. 30
Christmas Carol. In 3 parts for children. 3. G to g. R. C. W. 30
Glory profound and grateful praise. Solo and Quartet. 3. A to g. Arctic. 30
A Fire Song.
Lost in the Fire. Song and Cho. 3. Eb to e. Christie. 35

Popular Ballads.

- Mother's dead and gone. 2. G to f. Percy. 30
I'll meet you at the Oak Tree. Song and Cho. 3. G to f. Christie. 30
Beware of the Widow Cliquot. 3. C to e. Knight. 30
I leaned out of the Window. 2. D. Claribel. 30
Sunshine and Shades. 4. C to f. Randegger. 30
Ellen Dale. 4. E (major and minor) to f. Heap. 35
Sweet Eyes watching. 3. F to f. Berg. 30
Down among the Daisies. Song and Cho. 3. Bb to f. Huntley. 30

What Mad. Lucca sings:

- The Violet. (with portrait). 4. G to g. Mozart. 50
Slumber Song. " From *L'Africaine*. 6. Meyerbeer. 50
G minor to a.

Concert and Opera Songs.

- See the Pale Moon. (Mira la bianca). Duet. Sung by Mario and Miss Cary. 4. Bb to a. Rossini. 40
The Post. (La Posta.) Italian and English words. 4. C minor to f. Vannini. 30
Queen of Love. 3. Eb to f. Phillips. 40
Message from the Battle-field. (Auf Widersehen.) 3. D to e. Hullah. 30

Geary's admirable Ballads.

- In my dreams, love, kiss me. 3. Bb to f. Geary. 30
Merry Waters. 3. C to g. " 30
Heart for Heart. Song and Cho. 3. C to f. " 30

A Brace of Comic Songs.

- He's such a lovely Waltzer. 2. G to e. Schwenke. 30
I never was so happy in my life. Song & Dance. 3. Bb to f. Gibson. 30

Instrumental.

Turner's easy and popular pieces.

- Raging Flames Galop. 2. Bb. Turner. 30
Maverick Waltz. 2. F. " 30
Echo Vale. Polka Redowa. 3. Eb. " 35

Brilliant Arrangements of Favorite Airs.

- Potpouri from "Le Roi Carotte." 4. Ascher. 75
Still I am not happy. Polka. 3. G. Lyle. 30
Galop from Flotow's "Ombre." 3. F. Knight. 30
Quadrille " " 3. " 30
Waltz " " 3. D. " 30
Good-bye Charlie. Waltz. 3. F. " 30
After the Opera. " 3. F. " 30

Four-Hand Pieces.

- Children's Galop. 4 hands. 2. C. Lippitt. 35
Air du Roi. Louis XIII. 4 hands. 3. D. Jungmann. 60

Brilliant Galops.

- Mocking Bird Galop. 4. F. Wels. 50
Tartaren Galop. 3. G. Zikoff. 30
Arcadian Galop. 3. D. Vandewater. 35
Lucca Concert Galop. 4. Ab. Markstein. 40

Easy Instructive Pieces.

- Flowers of May. No. 10. Buttercup. No. 11. Pink. No. 12. Woodruff. Smallwood, ea. 25
Silver Ripples. No. 1, Clarion Quickstep. No. 2, Harum-Scarum Scottische. No. 5, Green-Leaf Mazurka. No. 8, Youth's Delight Polka. No. 9, Many Thanks Polka. No. 10, Home Pleasure Galop.
Stars and Stripes. Deems. 4. Eb. Var. G. Grobe. 50

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

